

Tech N9Ne "Serial Killas"

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Verse 1: (Jamie Madrox)

What is it about a serial killa that attracts you?
And makes this music that you can sharpen an axe to
Taking you back through a hallway to a black room
No walls or ceilings, just doorways to pass through
You choose: chainsaws are always nice
But razorblades and knives are way more precise
When it comes to cutting, this shit here is an art
And we finish what we start, that's what separates us
apart
From other mother fuckers, not saying no names
But them other mother fuckers (They ain't family!)
And they say I'm sick, too sick.
Well how sick do you get
When you see a chest without a butcher knife buried in
it
Wait a minute, gimme an axe
I wanna smash your ribcage in half
For every time you laughed on our behalf
Will you let me another chance to redefine
The mind of a serial killa

Chorus: (2x)

Serial killa
K I double L A!
Fruit looped outta my mind like Godzilla
scream (Kill)
Serial killa! (Killa, Killa)
Torture and destroy (Killa, Killa)
Serial killa! (Killa, Killa)

Verse 2: (Monoxide Child)

Could it be the blood? Maybe it's the blood you like
Or maybe it's my blatant disregard for life
Most people are afraid to deny it
But not me though
I keep it old school like a mink coat
Rusty blade, at least 12 inches
With the tipped cracked off from stabbin' too many
bitches
I'm digging ditches with a mental mind state
???
Throw ya ?? on the head of my axe
And pray to god I don't split you in half like train tracks

I can't control it, so I just put it in my music
And hopefully other killas can use it
Don't confuse it with the same old game
Cause the shit that I kick could put a glitch in your
mainframe

Wicked to the bone I am
And you can meet me in the dark if you think I'm
playing, what!

Chorus: (2x)

Serial killa

K I double L A!

Fruit looped outta my mind like Godzilla

scream (Kill)

Serial killa! (Killa, Killa)

Torture and destroy (Killa, Killa)

Serial killa! (Killa, Killa)

Verse 3: (Tech N9ne & Jamie Madrox)

Who's the real killa?

Who's the mother fucka ya love and I hate

But in the midst will fuck with real millas

Trust ya bitch. We'll jock. You'll trip.

We'll shock with pistol cocked! (This the shit to knock!)

Who am I!?

Amerikilla, gorilla, the Juggalizzle my nizzle

With Psychopathic I'm rapping, we set to gangrene

Killa killa, the realla, banana fanna I feela

Nigga with a millimeter with the infrared beam

The axe is family, and for the family

I use the axe to separate your anatomy

Ain't no being mad at me, the shit ain't even worth it

I said I was a serial killa, not perfect

It's not my fault that I can't be trusted

And people like me aren't all disgusting

Some will slit necks and into skull crushing

And killing people over next to nothing mother fucker!

Chorus: (2x)

Serial killa

K I double L A!

Fruit looped outta my mind like Godzilla

scream (Kill)

Serial killa! (Killa, Killa)

Torture and destroy (Killa, Killa)

Serial killa! (Killa, Killa)

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